

Overseas Press Club Bulletin

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Bassow Looking For Old Moscow Hands For Book About Them

OPC'er Whitman Bassow has signed with William Morrow to do a book on the American correspondents who have covered Moscow since the Bolshevik Revolution, beginning with John Reed. Titled "The Moscow Correspondents," the book will tell the story of the people who reported the news, who they were, where they came from, the way they worked, how they obtained their information, their trials and tribulations—from Lenin to Chernenko—the stories behind the stories.

The book was inspired by the OPC reunion of Moscow Correspondents held in New York in January 1983 which brought together over 60 old Moscow hands from all over the U.S.

Since the book will be based largely on interviews with former correspondents, Bassow would appreciate hearing from anyone who worked in Moscow as a resident correspondent and has not yet been contacted. Address, 1150 Park Avenue, New York 10128.

OPC Pressure Helps Free Spanish Writer

A Spanish journalist whose imprisonment was protested earlier this year by the OPC Freedom of the Press Committee (and other organizations) has been pardoned and released.

Xavier Vinader, an investigative reporter for the weekly *Interviu*, had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for "professional negligence" following publication of articles describing activities of right-wing groups.

He was pardoned at a meeting of the Spanish cabinet, and released soon thereafter.

OPC received a hint that a pardon was likely in a cable from Spain's prime minister, Felipe Gonzalez. He wrote that his government "is following with interest the legal procedures that have been initiated by the Ministry of Justice to study the possibility of such a pardon."

UPI Reopens Cape Canaveral Buro

United Press International has reopened its Cape Canaveral, FL, bureau to cover the nation's resurgent space program. William Harwood has been named bureau manager, announced Ronald E. Cohen, managing editor. Harwood, 32, will be based at NASA's Kennedy Space Center.

Cohen said the new bureau and the addition of Harwood to UPI's science-writing staff marks another example of the news service's expanding commitment to coverage of science and technology.

UPI originally established its Cape Canaveral bureau in 1958 to cover the Mercury manned spaceflight program. The bureau was closed in 1974 as the Skylab space station program neared an end.

Harwood joined UPI in 1982 in Columbia, SC, after serving as an intern at the *Birmingham Post-Herald* following graduation from the University of Tennessee where he was a reporter and editor for the *Daily Beacon*. He has a degree in journalism from the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, and studied physics at Belmont College in Nashville, mathematics at the University of Tennessee, Nashville, and geology at Vanderbilt University.

Harwood, a native of Nashville, is an amateur astronomer and covered the last two space shuttle missions for UPI at Cape Canaveral. He covered two early shuttle flights for the *Daily Beacon*.

Russia in Pictures On View at Club

Members and others entering the club lobby from July 5th to 30th will be treated to an exhibition of color photographs by Tania Retivov. Subjects are Moscow and Leningrad where she traveled in the freezing winter of 1982 and braved minus-30-degree weather with her camera.

Quite different is the other group in the show taken in New York subways where she found beauty and interest.

Retivov has previously exhibited at the New York Historical Society, Westbeth Gallery, Third Eye Gallery, Midtown Y Gallery, and Henry Street Settlement.

Warren Goodman Wins Fokker Award For Aviation Journalism

A piece titled "The Fine Art of Accepting an Airliner" won the Fokker Award for excellence in journalism for member Warren H. Goodman of Ossining, NY, who edits *Exxon Air World*. Given by the Aviation/Space Writers Association, the honor was presented by Richard Fein, The Netherlands Ambassador, on May 23rd at a breakfast in Washington, DC.

In addition to the Exxon assignment, Goodman is a correspondent and columnist for *Airports International*. Previously he was aviation editor of *Time* and served as PR director of The Port Authority, retiring in 1974 to become a consultant.

He began his aviation career as a pilot in the U.S. Marine Corps and was given the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Report from Munich

There was still a lot of snow on the north side of the mountains, and some late skiers were still doing the 30-kilometer cross-country run, when Jayne and I came chugging down past Garmisch on our way to Munich. The spring melting left a distinctly chilly haze over the sun in the third week of March this year.

When we got established at the *Vier Jahrseiten*, we decided to go directly to the Munich Press Club, reasoning that, from past experience in Montreal, Mexico City, London, Paris, and Rome, the press club would be the best place to overcome most kinds of chilly haze.

In this, once again, we were not mistaken.

To get to the *Presse Club München* you go to the Marienplatz which is dead center in the middle of the action. We rolled in about two in the afternoon, wandered through the crowds around the flower stands and the fountains beneath the tower of the glockenspielers, and found 22 Marienplatz in the Peterhof.

At the back of the lobby is the elevator—about the size of a New York phone booth. We both got on board, pretty nearly filling the car (since each of us has left the sylph-class stage several decades behind us) when we noticed a well-decked out Munich resident hustling to join us. The gentleman's arms were full—he had a bulky package and a large bouquet—so we held the door for him and he came in.

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Honest Rug Dealer Warms Up Cold Turkey

by Carolyn M. Anderson
wife of Member Dave Anderson

Two weeks of cold Turkey—Asia Minor caught in the same mean April as New York—had its discomforts but for me its rewards were greater. I gained a clearer picture of a nation and people who'd been hazy in my mind, a feeling of friendliness toward them, and confidence in traveling as a lone woman in the Arab world—at least its Central Anatolian part.

I'd wanted to visit the reconstruction of Sardis, rich King Croesus's capital of ancient Lydia, out of a special interest in Etruscans—who liked to boast, perhaps empty, of its being their homeland.

But first I wanted to see Istanbul, then Ankara, then to cut northwest down to Izmir, from there proceeding south along the coast toward those evocative old names of Hieropolis, Ephesus, Miletus, Didyma. This made a Z-shaped itinerary—and considerable pressure on time.

Being a one-day stop on the ever-popular "Greek Island Tours," Istanbul is perhaps the world's most *widely briefly* visited city. I myself, with my husband David, had spent a day there years before; since then, there's been added a new city of convention hotels and boutiques but otherwise little seems changed, its oriental opulence of gold leaf and silken carpets a brave defence against a history of bad luck.

In Turkey a dollar seems to last forever, and the flight to Ankara cost only twenty.

Like Brasilia, the capital city is an artificial construct geographically *nowhere*, but it seems to have *taken*. The streets are full of energy, the *pushiness* that made Chicago *gauche*—and rich. It is a delight in design, an urban monument to Kemal Ataturk whose birthplace it was. Many people are drawn here by its archaeology museum—"Museum of Anatolian Civilizations"—telling in artful display (with cages of singing birds!) a 200,000-year history, and includes a world-famous Hittite Collection.

The OPC Program Council is planning its Fall/Winter speaker's program schedule and welcomes any suggestions for our luncheon or afternoon formats.

Contact co-chairman George Krinsky at 621-1655 or write the OPC office.

Wanting to see the country closer than by air I made the eight-hour trip to Izmir on *wheels*—thus beginning my love affair with Turkish buses. They are clean, careful, frequent, their drivers both sympathetic and *alert* to a passenger like me, who speaks no Turkish. Big ones connect cities, mini-ones dart like water bugs between villages; often during the next eight days I was on one.

How did I communicate? By notebook. First, to show at the bus station my hotel porter wrote in Turkish my destination. On arrival, for booster aid I searched out the pharmacists; many Turks speak German but pharmacists *all* know English and *they* graciously added closer instructions on reaching a site. Nor was easting-without-the-language a problem, restaurants (*restorans*) display their dishes, so you *point*.

The port city of Izmir, old Smyrna, now has NATO Headquarters and is nattier than either Istanbul or Ankara. But the constellation of Greek-Roman ruins is farther south, reached best from Kusabasi—a bit *touristy* but by then I was ready for the International Herald Tribune, and waiters who could bring my food without my pointing.

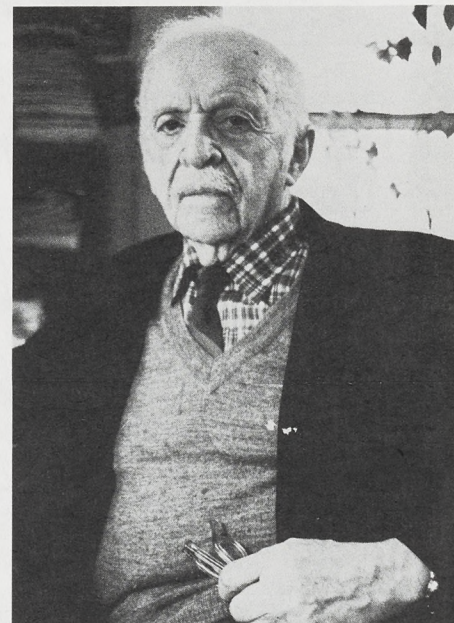
At no time did I suffer those two commonest tourists ailments the *second* being a corresponding run on the wallet from being clipped by the savvier natives. I found an unaccountable *honesty* among Turks—even in (that metaphor for legerdemain) the Turkish rug-merchant! In Istanbul I'd bargained with one in the bazaar later meeting him on a city bus. We fell into conversation. (Like most business people he spoke optimistically about the country: "We have no debts... and the strongest defense in NATO." "Against what?" "We call it the White Bear.") Learning I was headed south he advised me to wait and buy my rug there. "It's where they come from," he said. "You'll get it cheaper—even than from me!"

CBS Veep Applauds Dateline

NEW YORK—Thank you for the issue of *Dateline* '84, devoted entirely to freedom of the press. The Overseas Press Club is to be commended for so accurately and appropriately focusing on this issue at this time. I am honored at having my contribution included in this collection of interesting articles.

Ed Joyce

Bernays at 92 Still the Master



In a major feature story on the Style page of *The Washington Post* May 23rd, writer Michael Kernan recounts some of the firsts of the feisty 92½-year-old OPC member Edward L. Bernays. Calling him the "Father of Us All" and crediting him as "the man who took the colorful but sleazy trade of the press agent and turned it into a profession complete with code of ethics," he draws from Bernays how he educated the public to the products of some of his clients.

In 1913, fresh out of Cornell, he cleaned up America by extolling the virtues of showering—and sold soap. In a subsequent contest for sculpting P & G's Ivory soap, he had 22 million kids shaving up soap. And, writes Kernan, "The Saturday Night Bath passed into history."

He was responsible for the "cultivating" of America by making ballet understandable. When Nijinsky and Karsova were arriving with Diaghilev's Ballet Russe in 1915, he touted it as a combination of the art forms they already knew—music, costumes, scenery and the like. *Ladies' Home Journal* refused to run a photo of the dancers because of their abbreviated costumes, so he just air-brushed the skirts to below-knee.

If you think bacon and eggs go together like Romeo and Juliet, credit our nonogenarian member. Beechnut's bacon sales were dragging, so he polled 5,000 doctors who agreed that a good breakfast like bacon and eggs was needed by a person. So that famous duo was born, and bacon sales soared.

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Obituaries

Oscar Schisgall

After a brief illness, OPC member Oscar Shisgall died at his home in Manhattan on May 22nd at age 83. Known as a corporate historian, he was hailed for the stories of Proctor & Gamble in "Eyes on Tomorrow," Bowery Savings Bank in "Out of One Small Chest," and Xerox's history in "My Years With Xerox." He had completed "The Greyhound Story" about that corporation, soon to be published by Doubleday. He was also a regular contributor to *Reader's Digest*.

His wife Lillian survives him, as do his sons James of Middletown, NY, and Richard of Silver Springs, MD, three grandchildren, and his brother Albert who resides Upstate.

Alberto R. Cellario

While visiting his native Buenos Aires, Alberto R. Cellario died of heart failure on May 17th. He lived in Manhattan and was 74 at his death.

During the 30s and 40s, he worked in Buenos Aires as a writer and news editor at *La Prensa* until it was shut down by the Government. As an opponent of President Perón, he left Argentina. His departure was recognized in 1966 with a Maria Moore Cabot journalism award at Columbia University.

He served as chief editor of *Life en Español* until publication was suspended by *Time, Inc.* in 1970. His next assignment was as information officer of the Organization of American States. Since 1976, when he retired, he had worked as a free-lance writer.

Survivors are his wife Raquel Alberio Cellario, daughters Raquel Pizzi of Buenos Aires, Maria Cellario-Mancini and Mario-Rose Cellario, both of New York, and four grandchildren.

Bernays

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A priceless victory back in the 30s was putting cigarettes in the mouths of women in public places. American Tobacco was losing business because men did not approve of women smoking on the street. Bernays queried a psychiatrist on what smoking meant to women. Answer, "a torch of freedom, a symbol of man's inhumanity to women... titillates the erogenous zone of the lips." This was all he needed to enlist debs to smoke in the Easter parades of Boston and New York, resulting in a *Times* report that women were smoking in public, and subsequent permission for women to smoke in the orchestra stalls at the theatre.

OFFICE SPACE at Fifth Ave. Address. Includes copier, postage machine, refrigerator. Call Marianne, (212) 675-7804 for further details.

JOURNALIST desires free-lance feature, news or editorial writing. Broad base of experience. Published by well-known sources. Previously had regular by-line feature column. Also, would consider working for writer or celebrity in Manhattan apt. Member OPC, Box 10 or phone (212) 685-2735.

CALLING OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENTS

King Publishing Co. is sending out an SOS for overseas stringers for an international coal trade publication. Anyone interested should write immediately and give all details. Address the letter to Jennifer Hebb, King Publishing Co., P.O. Box 10489, Knoxville, TN 37939. Telephone is No. (615) 588-0645, telex 705286.

Reasonable mid-city studio sublet till Dec. '84. 212-688-6792.

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Bernays

But ever honest, when he learned that cigarettes could lead to cancer, he did a complete turnaround and went to bat against smoking.

The examples of Bernay's genius in public relations are legion, but he never took a client he didn't believe in, turning down Hitler, Franco, and Samoz. He couldn't prevent propagandist Goebbels though from keeping a copy of his book "Propaganda" on his desk.

Kernan quotes his philosophy, "We check out clients to see if their interests coincide with the public interest. Then we educate the public... It's like any instrument. Surgical instruments. They can be used for the wrong purposes."

A nephew of Sigmund Freud, he corresponded with the father of psychoanalysis for many years and was instrumental in having Freud's "New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis" translated and published. The royalties sustained Freud and his family during the Nazi period. He treasures 42 priceless letters from his famous uncle.

He and his wife Doris Fleischman worked together from 1919 until she died four years ago. His schedule today would exhaust a 30-year-old, but this "locomotive" just keeps steaming along.

New Applications

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ACTIVE OVERSEAS

Edith B. Terry

REINSTATED—

ACTIVE NON-RESIDENT

Frederic A. Moritz

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What They're Doing

John S. Burnett, author of "Fire on Ice" and collaborator with Sam Pryor on his autobiography, has successfully sailed the Pacific from San Francisco to the Marquesas in his 40-foot sailboat "Unicorn." His female traveling companion comprised the crew of one. During the 30-day crossing, which involved such adventures as nearly being swamped by a boat-length whale, he completed 60,000 words of a new book. His mother Hallie Burnett is invited to join him in Tahiti in September. Both John and Hallie are loyal OPCers.

* * *

Our own Flora Rheta Schreiber has made *The New York Times* paperback best-seller list four times recently with her book "The Shoemaker": No. 5 on April 15, and moving up to No. 4 on April 22nd and 29th, and May 6th. Nice going, Flora.

* * *

Gil Crandall, once with Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap in New York and for many years, before retirement, director of Maryland's tourism program, now edits a newspaper for retirees in Annapolis and writes for a local newspaper. One of his columns will be published in the July issue of *Reader's Digest*.

Gil invites any OPC members who visit historic Annapolis to call on him for a personal tour of the old seaport capital and the Naval Academy.

* * *

Just released by Twenty-Third Publications is a new book by member Gerald M. Costello, executive editor of *Catholic New York*. Titled "Without Fear or Favor," the book details the life and work of Msgr. George Higgins who for four decades championed the civil, human and worker rights of labor.

This dedicated priest has been an advisor to bishops, statesmen, labor leaders and politicians on social issues according to author Costello. Arthur Goldberg describes him as "a champion against the evils which afflict mankind," such as discrimination, poverty, and violation of human rights.

* * *

Beverly and Charlie Rowe chose the OPC for their anniversary dinner on May 24th. "We enjoy eating there very much," writes Beverly. "There is a great deal of courtesy and service present which is not available in most of today's world."

Rohama Lee, retired after 34 years of editing/publishing *Film News*, has just returned from a five-week free-lance journalistic assignment in Israel and London. Busier than ever, among her other activities was judging the Cinema/TV/Photography category at the recent annual American Film Festival. She has been invited to be a selector of the 10 best animation films at the Olympiad of Animation in Los Angeles June 27-July 2 in connection with the cultural activities of the Olympics '84.

* * *

CBS-TV has reached an agreement with *Interscope Communications* and Katherine Coker for the dramatization of Dan Kurzman's next book, "Day of the Bomb." The book, to be published by McGraw-Hill, and the TV film will be timed to coincide with the 40th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

* * *

Barbara Belford, late of the old *New York Herald Tribune* and now a professor of journalism at Columbia, is writing a book on notable women journalists. For a chapter on foreign correspondents, she would like fresh anecdotes from the colleagues or friends of Maggie Higgins, Sigrid Schultz and Georgie Anne Geyer. If you can help on this book, which will be a text for courses in history of journalism and women's studies, get in touch with Barbara Belford at (212) 662-7633, or send material to 350 Central Park West, New York, New York 10025.

Munich *continued from page 1*

It was a kind of cozy fit. We stood nose to nose, smiling internationally, and he asked us in German if we were going to the cafe on the top floor. When we told him we were going to the press club his smile widened and he said he was delighted to hear it.

We all got off on the fifth floor—the laden gentleman leading the way—and were led into the club. Our elevator acquaintance was in fact the President of the club—Georg Wulffius—and naturally had his own key. Inside he presented the flowers to the charming secretary of the club—Gretel Jaeschke, gray-eyed, kind, competent—introduced us all around and led us back to the bar—*das Hacker-Bierstüberl*.

The club itself is new and tasteful. The decor is international modern. Georg Wulffius and Gretel are among the friendliest and most hospitable press club people we've met among all of the fine press club people in Europe. The longer we stayed the better the wine became.

The club is equipped with a huge *Konferenzraum*, the bar of course, a lounge, and a sharp-looking front office with a Telex (5-23623, presseclub mchn).

Jayne and I had another appointment with friends for five o'clock, which we missed because Georg and Gretel were such great company. He spoke about the same amount of English as we spoke German but we got along just fine. It turned out that he'd flown for *them* during the war, and I'd flown for *us*—which made us buddies now, right?

Frank Jay

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